2:Illiff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

There was no letup in the heat. It was reflected from the walls in visible waves. Work in the classroom was almost unendurable. Heads nodded sleepily when the hot, still air in the low-ceilinged room became heavy with the smell of campfire smoke and sweat. There had been several sudden, pelting rains that passed quickly, leaving the air momentarily fresh and sweet and a little cooler. Now, we watched our narrow strip of sky for clouds, hoping for another shower. Even the occasional cool breeze that swept through the canyon lost its coolness when it came in contact with our torrid walls, so the nights, too, were hot.

Out under the cottonwood in our front yard, hung a weather-beaten hammock. Night after night Frances and I had tried to sleep in our poorly ventilated, sultry room; so one night I moved out under the tree. I found that making a bed in the tippy contraption was something out of my line, but managed to hold things down until I got in. It was like riding a bucking bronco; the more I struggled to maintain my balance, the more the bed tipped.

The commotion brought faint, squeaking protests from the tree; the small creatures that lived there resented the intrusion. We had amused ourselves many times trying to locate the bats sleeping among the leaves during the day, but I was to have a nocturnal view. At first, a thin squeaking line flew off into the darkness. Then the entire colony rose from the tree, soaring about on kitelike wings, to begin their nocturnal foraging. As if they had held a conference and agreed on the strategy, they swooped down, their bony wings brushing my face and hair. I was outmaneuvered and ran indoors.

The next day was a holiday, dry and hot as any day had been that summer. For a brief space in the afternoon the sunshine grew dim and watery; then, again, hot and bright. A change in weather was impending. We scanned our narrow strip of sky and hoped for one of those refreshing showers. There was only a hazy sky, and now again that peculiar misty sunlight.

Vera, one of the older schoolgirls, had come from the village to make a dress for herself on a school machine, and was hurrying

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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overbalance him, or make him turn a somersault. The burro bore it all good-naturedly and seemed to object very little to the fun: the only time he showed decided inappreciation was when the Indians got him down into deep water and forced his head under for too long a time.

A little later on a horse was brought, who entered into the sport as if he were used to it. He swam back and forth and took to the water as willingly as a child takes candy. The boys hung on to his mane, got on his back, his neck, or hung on to his tail, and, to all seeming, it was all the same to him.

Though they are so fond of the water, the Havasupais cannot be called in some respects a cleanly people. Far from it. Though they take the sweat bath almost as a religious rite[1] and their skin is thus kept clean, there is another kind of cleanliness in which they are very remiss. It would be unreasonable to expect that people living in the exposed wicker huts of the Havasupais could approach anywhere near the ordinary white man's standard of cleanliness. But certainly they might have a higher standard than they do. Lice swarm in the heads of the children and most of the women. On the other hand, all the younger men are particular to be cleanly in this regard, and dress their hair with skill and neatness. Bed-bugs abound in Havasu Canyon as in no other place on earth. They swarm everywhere, and are absolutely found in clusters in the sand, under the old bark of decayed trees, and in every conceivable and inconceivable lodging-place. The warm sand and the seductive moisture that obtains during the major part of the year must be especially conducive to their

[1] See "In and Around the Grand Canyon."

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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515 breeding, for they are ubiquitous. Yet, strange to say,
136 I have never known of an instance where a bed-bug has been brought out of the canyon by a visitor. Though I have been with the Havasupais scores of times I never detected one of these vermin either in my clothing or bedding. The breed seems to be peculiar to the warm, moist air of the canyon and to be unable to live away from it, for which we give hearty thanks.

136 Now and again scorpions may be found, and, after a rain, I have seen a score of hundred-legged worms (perfectly harmless) rolled up on the trail between the village and Bridal Veil Falls.

Rattlesnakes are not common anywhere in those portions of the canyon much visited by the Havasupais, but now and then one may be found on the trails or basking in the sun on the rocks near by. Elsewhere in this canyon and its many greater or lesser tributaries they are common, and the Indians can find any quantity if they are sent for them. In all my years of wandering to and fro, though, I have not seen a half-dozen rattlesnakes in Havasu Canyon.

Other pests are mosquitoes, gnats, and a small black fly which, in certain seasons, persistently lodges in the eye, causing considerable annoyance, and sometimes distress and pain. There are not many mosquitoes, though at times they are troublesome enough to satisfy one for their scarcity.

285 Many of the women are expert basket makers, and in
[462] my book on Indian Basketry I have fully explained their methods of work and the charming nature of their designs. The Havasu Canyon is a basket maker's paradise, for the stream is lined for miles with willows
[137] suitable for this work.

butcher knife in the other and strikes indifferently at the squash, turning it around and at different angles the while. In a few moments chips, as it were, begin to fall into the cooking pot, and after the exterior is cut and hacked in every direction the cook begins to slice it into the pot. When well cooked, it is eaten without any other improvement than a little salt. 252 262 [263]

Corn and beans are plentiful with them, and both are as delicious and tender as any I have ever tasted elsewhere.

Mescal is one of their chief foods. It is made by them exactly as the Wallapais make it. That fibrous portion of the plant that cannot be treated in this manner is boiled, and the drink therefrom, when fresh, is a sickish-sweet liquid, that, however, might soon become agreeable. This liquid is of a dark brown color, and when boiled for a long time becomes a species of thin molasses. [272]

The Havasupais know no process of fermentation so far as I have been able to learn, and the elders of the people long objected to the coming of the white man because one of the bad things he brought to the Indian was whiskey and other intoxicants. 273

Quail and ducks abound in various parts of the Havasu Canyon region. Even to this day many of the latter are shot, for sale to the white man, with the arrow instead of the gun. The Havasupais claim that the arrow is far less liable to scare away the flock than is the loud report of a gun, so they keep up their practice with the antiquated bow and arrow, and some of them show wonderful skill in their use. I have often placed a ten-cent piece in a notched stick and enjoyed watching the young men as they fired their arrows at it at a distance 136 ● 223 411

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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223 411 of fifty paces. Their skill was such that on one occasion I lost a dollar thus within half an hour.

136 At one time in February I found the canyon alive with quail, the whirring of whose wings met us on every hand as we rode along from hawa to hawa.

I am told there is no fish in Havasu Creek above Mooney Falls, but from the base of this fall on to the river both large and small fish are abundant. I rather doubt this, as on the occasion of my attempt to reach Beaver Falls down the course of the creek from Mooney Falls I saw no fish, nor signs of any.

One of the Havasupais tells me that mountain sheep may be seen on the northern rim of the Grand Canyon in small bands. When the snow is deep upon the Buckskin Mountains and the Kaibab Plateau they descend to the more temperate regions of the canyon where grass may be found in plenty, and then the Paiuti and Paiced Indians kill them, drying the flesh for later use. This they do regardless of a territorial law, which forbids even an Indian killing mountain sheep at any time. The Indian regards his as a prior right, existing long before there was any territorial legislature, and he acts accordingly.

224 Mountain lions, wildcats, lynxes, coyotes, badgers, deer, and antelope, with an occasional mountain sheep and bear, are the larger quarry of the Havasupai hunters. The deer and antelope they find in the open grassy glades of the forests on the canyon rim and reaching towards the desert. The other game is generally found in the recesses of the canyons or on the slopes of the far-away mountains of Hue-han-a-patch-a (the San Franciscos), Hue-ga-wool-a (Williams Mountain), or Hue-ga-da-wi-za (Red Butte).

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plums, almonds, and pomegranates, there being only a few trees of the latter three kinds. 245 177

Whiting lists the following aboriginal cultivated plants: corn, pumpkin, squash, Hopi sunflower, three varieties of beans (tepary, kidney, and lima), cotton, and gourds. Introduced plants include peach, pear, plum, apricot, fig, apple and walnut trees, watermelons, cantaloupes, blackeyed peas, devil's claw and alfalfa. Plants introduced, but rejected or used very little, are onions, chilies, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, peas, wheat, and cherry and almond trees (Whiting n. d., 60). 241 177

Spier (1928, 108) reported antelope to be the most plentiful large game animal, with mountain sheep and deer also in good supply. Mountain lions were killed occasionally, but the meat was generally abhorred. Smaller game included cottontails, jackrabbits, squirrels, and various kinds of birds. McGregor (1951, 17) reports predators now present on the plateau are lions bobcats, coyotes, badgers, and probably foxes. The Havasupai are now restricted to hunting deer and antelope only in the legal season. Rabbits are an occasional item in the daily fare, but most meat is obtained by purchase from a store or by butchering Havasupai-owned beef. The Havasupai did not eat fish, and, although Havasu Creek has been stocked several times, few Havasupai will eat fish even today. Apparently, the next storm following introduction of fish kills them or washes them down to the Colorado River. 136 262 [224]

The Reservation and Its Administration

The original Havasupai Reservation, established in 1880, consisted of an area 5 mi. wide by 12 mi. long lying on the floor of Cataract Canyon and the adjacent Esplanade. In 1882, the reservation area was reduced to 518.6 acres located entirely within the confines of Cataract Canyon. In 1940, four sections of land on the plateau, outside the National Forest boundaries, were added to the reservation to give the Havasupai water rights on various springs used by their stock. Horses and cattle owned by the Havasupai graze in the Grand Canyon National Park, which completely encompasses the reservation proper, and also on National Forest lands adjoining Grand Canyon National Park to the west and south (Ladd, personal communication, 1952). 657 131 [423] [231]

Government Services

The Office of Indian Affairs administrative headquarters, located almost 100 mi. away at Valentine, Arizona, is the Truxton Canyon sub-agency, which also serves the Walapai, Yavapai, and Camp Verde Apache. A resident agent at Supai acts in an advisory capacity to the tribe and is in charge of government-owned property on the reservation. A sub-agency was first established in Cataract Canyon about 1895 (Whiting n. d., 21). 657

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varieties. Upon this strange desert, some sixty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, considerable rain falls during latter July, August, and September; and with the end of November heavy frosts begin and snows ensue, occurring with greater or less frequency and severity of cold throughout the larger part of the winter. During the latter season, these vast plains, undulations, and forest mesas are filled with game of the nobler sort, such as deer, elk, antelope, and bear; followed by the constant coyote and fox, "the herds and herders of the Ha-va-su-paí," as the Zuñis say. Quite different is the Cataract Cañon itself, situated only thirty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, the occupied portion of which is more than three thousand feet below the surrounding desert, — a veritable perennial oasis, with almost subtropical climate and luxuriance of vegetation, with a clear, cold, never-failing, impetuous stream cleaving its way through the little plain at the bottom of the cañon, the waters of which are strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime. The atmosphere is as moist, warm, and temperate as that of the surrounding waste is arid and extreme. Frosts rarely and snows never visit its little plains, and even the quietest pools along the rushing little river are never fettered by ice. The agave, or century-plant, which nowhere appears on the surrounding plains, reaches almost giant proportions in its valleys, furnishing the material for the mescal, or *ak-na*, so abundantly prepared by the Ha-va-su-paí, and so well known among the more southern tribes of the territory and of Old Mexico. Apricots ripen in June, peaches in July; corn is gathered and eaten during both months, and again planted, to ripen during September and October.

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136 October. Quail and smaller birds, rabbits, squirrels, and a few burrowers constitute the sparse fauna, although along its unscaled cliffs still wanders the bighorn, or *Ovis montana*. No fish or aquatic animals, save the Gila monster and a few lizards, appear. Luxuriant
137 vines and shrubbery; willows, cottonwoods; flags, tules, and other aquatic plants, with a marked absence of grasses, save a kind of cane along the river, and of flowering plants, with here and there the amole, or Spanish bayonet, and agave, — these make up the richly growing but unvaried flora.

487 Only two trails descend this cañon:
133 the one from the southeast, — by which we entered, — with a southern branch, over which the cavalry had passed; the second from the southwest, winding and climbing through a mass of side cañons, a wonderful example of Indian engineering skill, unsurpassed in grandeur, difficulties, or dangers. The passage of either of these trails, especially of the latter, requires the greater part of the day. From the entrance at the head of the little side cañon, tending down from the southeastward, through which the first-described trail leads, forty turns are made, each one leading further downward, and revealing entirely new views of the indescribably grand and beautiful rock scenery. During all this passage of more than twenty miles, scarcely a place is encountered that a stone's-throw or an arrow-flight would not span, notwithstanding the depth gradually increases to three thousand feet. In some places the rocks overhang the traveler's head on either side, leaving only a narrow strip of sky, while at others the opening assumes a funnel shape: the gray lime sandstone, which forms the upper half of the rock walls, gradually slopes back a quarter of a mile, where it suddenly ascends in a rugged series of promontories, buttes, and cliffs; the red sandstone, which forms the immediate cañon-border, more obdurate, re-